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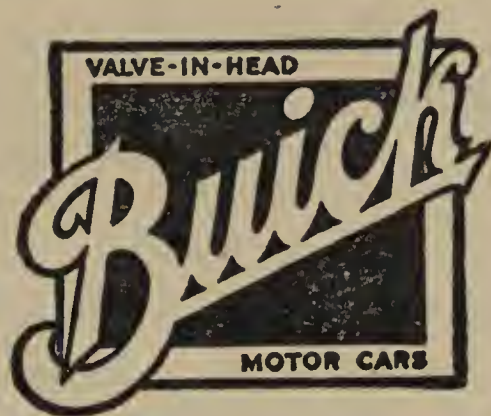
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## ANNOUNCEMENT

The New Bedford Five Cents Savings Bank announces the completion of alterations to their banking rooms and invite the public to inspect and to use their improved facilities.

We also wish to thank our depositors for their patience and loyalty during the period of renovating.

We feel we are in a position to better serve our customers — both old and new — and trust we may be favored with deposits from readers of “The Huttlestonian.”

OPEN DAILY — 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

SATURDAYS — 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

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	PAGE
EDITORIAL STAFF	10
DELIGHT ( <i>A Poem</i> )	11
EDITORIALS:	
Ten Minutes With The Principal	12
Our Honor List	13
The Copperhead	13
A Word of Appreciation	13
The Literary Club	13
THE SEA PLAYS THE AVENGER ( <i>A Story</i> )	14
TWO POEMS BY HELEN MARTIN	16
SOCIAL NOTES	17
A STORY FOR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE FANS	18
IN THE HISTORY OF F. H. S. ( <i>A Cartoon</i> )	19
TEMPTATION ( <i>A Cartoon</i> )	20
FACULTY NOTES	21
MURDOCK PHONES, RADIO DETECTIVE ( <i>A Story</i> )	22
JOKES	26
ATHLETICS:	
Boys'	28
Girls'	29
WHY BOTHER TO EXERCISE?	30
DEPARTMENT NOTES:	
Commercial Club	31
Latin Department:	
Notes From Carpe Diem Sodalitas	32
French Department:	
Les Cloches De Noce Sur L'Ile De Terreur	33
Domestic Science:	
Milady's Wardrobe	34
Why?	34
Music Appreciation	35
History:	
Northern and Southern Prisons During the Civil War	36
Cross-Word Puzzle	38
THE COW THAT PIERRE DREW ( <i>A Story</i> )	40
THE GODDESS OF MORNING ( <i>A Poem</i> )	41
VIRTUES ( <i>A Poem</i> )	42
EXCHANGES	43
THE GARDEN BETWEEN WALLS ( <i>A Story</i> )	44
ALUMNI	46
THE TWO WAYS ( <i>A Poem</i> )	48

# THE HUTTLESTONIAN

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL

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Vol. 2

Spring Issue, 1925

No. 2

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Single Copy, 25 Cents



DELIGHT

Blue sky, green earth,  
The sun, the sea.  
All these—beautiful—  
From God to Thee.

Katherine J. Goggin, '25



## TEN MINUTES WITH THE PRINCIPAL

Upon entering the office of Mr. Dickey the other morning, I noticed that he seemed unusually depressed. By asking the natural question, I learned that he had been thinking of the cause of failures in the High School.

"Delving into records of failures is not a very pleasing task, I can assure you," said Mr. Dickey, "even though our number here is comparatively small."

"There are always unpleasant tasks in any work," I answered.

"While trying to put my finger on some major cause of failures, I discovered many other minor causes such as absence, illness, lack of preparation of lessons, inattention in class, and lack of ability," continued Mr. Dickey.

"But what about the major cause?" I interrupted impatiently.

"It seems to me," Mr. Dickey went on without heeding, "that the real cause is lack of purpose. Even a pupil with much ability may fail if he has no plans for the future."

"Like an expert marksman without a target at which to shoot," I added.

"Exactly," said Mr. Dickey, "and you must admit that a marksman, no matter how expert he may be, has no chance of hitting anything if he has no target."

As I quietly withdrew from the office, I could not help thinking of the wisdom of Mr. Dickey's conclusion.

FREDERICK V. SHEARD, '25



---

### OUR HONOR LIST

Report cards which have just been issued for the past two months show the largest honor list in the history of the school. This is a distinction of which we may be justly proud! It has just been brought to our attention that our neighbor, the Taunton High School has a student body which recognizes its honor members by giving them a banquet each year.

---

### THE COPPERHEAD

When a Senior Class can act and stage a play with the dramatic value and historical significance of Augustus Thomas' "The Copperhead," there can be no doubt of the sincere satisfaction felt by the student body in particular, and the public in general.

---

### A WORD OF APPRECIATION

The student body has responded admirably to the appeal of the editorial staff of "The Huttlestonian" for material for the current issue of the magazine—and the staff is grateful for the cooperation.

The editors trust that it was not entirely the thought of the prizes that accelerated student spirit! One must remember there is no material gain for most of the worth while things we do in life.

---

### THE LITERARY CLUB

Since the last issue of "The Huttlestonian," a new club called "The Literary Club" has been formed at the High School.

The object of the organization is to further the aims of the English Department by promoting an appreciation of the drama, the art of debate, the modern novel, and modern poetry.

Membership is open only to students of the three upper classes who have obtained an index number of "1" and a mark of "B" or above in their English courses.

## THE SEA PLAYS THE AVENGER

LARRY VINCENT, gentleman and quahog dealer alias crook, highway robber, sharper, and what-not, boasted that the end of a decade would see him a millionaire. In the last fifteen years, since the establishment of his quahog industry, he had cajoled the fishermen, pleaded with them, and argued with them, actually picking their pockets for every cent that he could grasp. If, during the autumn months, the price per bushel of quahogs became greater, the size of his bushel basket increased, thus unlawfully scooping in a bushel and a half of the shellfish where there was supposed to be only one. Vincent also managed to cut down the price for the supposed bushel. That was how he had raised the hundred thousand dollars that he was worth.

Though rich in money, he was very poor. He had none of the comforts of life that the working class had. The humblest cottages along the shores of the bay were superior to his. Everything he owned slowly rotted away. His wife and children were the objects of sympathy on the part of the poor fisher folk. Yet he went on his way fearing nothing disastrous, and breaking at will the iron law of the sea that "whoever wrongs a fisherman, to the sea he owes a toll."

A newcomer to the little fishing community wrecked Vincent's dreams. Lawton was his name. He became Vincent's bitter rival in the weeks that sped by. Vincent's industry suffered because his new competitor paid the higher prices. Another source of trouble had arisen. His wife was by nature a meek and silent woman taking without complaint all the hardships that life had to give her; but now she became a spirited creature that nagged Vincent, comparing his high-handed methods with Lawton's square dealing ways.

All this maddened Vincent's jealous disposition. He strove to get back on an even keel with his new rival. He raised the price of quahogs even higher than Lawton's, in an attempt to regain his old customers. They returned to him, but he robbed them even more outrageously than before. After that, he had no customers left, and day after day he watched his competitor reaping in the products of the waters. Jealousy and revenge bit deep into Vincent's heart. He longed and schemed for the chance to do away with Lawton, but no opportunity presented itself. An idea, however, struck him.

If the fishermen would not sell their quahogs to him, he would take the shellfish away from them.

It is often the custom of the fishermen to leave the shellfish overnight in their rowboats. They do this because they arrive at the dealer's shops too late to sell their catch or they prefer to wait until the next day to sell, for, during the night, they work overtime, as it were, to get more quahogs, and consequently more pay. It was Vincent's plan to plunder these boats during the night while the fishermen were resting from their day's work.

One afternoon, as Vincent sat watching the thriving business at Lawton's, he saw a group gathering farther up the shore. A sound of cheering drifted over to him, and the group marched toward him. A thin, weazened man with a dilapidated derby hat seemed to be the leader of the party.

"Well," snapped Vincent, as they stopped before him, "what do ye want?"

The thin man spoke.

"We've decided that we don't care to see ye or those crooked bushel baskets o' yourn anymore. So we're giving ye three days notice to beat it."

"An' if I don't?" Vincent countered.

"Ye'll be sorry ye didn't leave," the thin man answered.

Vincent only smiled sarcastically while the party drew off. But soon his face showed bitter hatred. Drive him off, would they! He would show them! And Lawton would pay also. He was the leader of that group. He would jail Lawton for this. On the third day there would be a police militia waiting to arrest them all. He would show them. That night, Vincent shoved his water-soaked rotten rowboat upon the bay. With the exception of the quiet creaking of the oarlocks, and the even more quiet splash of the oars as they dipped into the sea, Vincent made his progress silently to the rowboats scattered over the harbor not far from the shore. At every rowboat, he stopped and looked in. In some he found what he wanted, and unloaded what he found into his own skiff. Similar operations lasted two hours. He rowed back to the shore with a boatload of stolen quahogs.

The next morning dawned rather ominously. All the men seemed and acted surly, except Vincent who was cheerful with the

(Concluded on Page 42)

## TWO POEMS

BY HELEN MARTIN, '28

### Silver Birches

The birch stands beaded with crystal dew  
That's coaxing the wee brown budlets through.  
A silver bark its trunk entwines  
Like a knight of old its armor shines.  
As a herald it trumpets a message sweet,  
Slender arms birds in passage greet,  
To twitter gaily from the branches  
While their green plumes flutter and enchant us!

---

### Hearts and Flowers

Mother Nature awakes from a winter's rest  
Draws back her white mantle to show her green dress  
While beautiful flowers sprinkled thereon.  
Did ere you wonder where their colors came from?  
  
In the same garden plot plant two little seeds,  
From one blooms a flower, another a weed.  
So are our hearts a garden of thought;  
Plant not weeds where flowers are sought.



ON January second, the Class of 1925 held their second dance of the year. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Goggin, Mr. and Mrs. William Maxon, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Seymour, and Miss Susan Gifford were the guests of the evening. The gymnasium was attractively decorated with fir greens and crêpe streamers of the same color.

On January twenty-sixth, Mr. Howard A. Corey of Burdett College, Boston, spoke to us on "The Will to Win." Three important essentials were left with us as to this function of the mind; to choose what you want your life to be; to have a purpose and your ideal of it; and to stick to your choice.

On the thirtieth of January, students with their guests assembled in

the gymnasium for the first evening party of the Literary Club.

Music was furnished by Nerbonne's orchestra; tables alongside the walls gave those who did not care to dance a chance to play games or work out crossword puzzles; and the always refreshing punch was for sale. A large club banner of purple and gold was the only decoration in the "gym."

Mr. and Mrs. George Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Dunham, Miss Margaret Siebert, and Miss Helen Mankey were patronesses.

Friday, February twentieth, was a red letter evening for the seniors, when they produced Augustus Thomas' drama, "The Copperhead." The play, given in the High School hall, was presented to an enthusiastic audience which occupied all available space, even overflowing into the corridors.

"The Copperhead," difficult of interpretation and action, was a worthy result of the long hours and the hard work which the cast, of necessity, must have expended upon it.

DOROTHEA R. PAULL, '26

---

## A Story For Cross Word Puzzle Fans OR, WHO WON THE AUTOMOBILE

I BEGAN with the determination never to start working on cross-word puzzles, as it seemed the silliest idea now on the stand.

When I rode to school on the street car in the morning, all down the row of seats my fellow travellers were sitting slumped down on the center of their spines, their whole attention on cross-word puzzles.

If I stopped at the post-office for a money order, or other business, all the space at the desks was occupied by people with outspread newspapers absorbed in the latest fad.

If after dinner I went to the library to look up references on my school work, I found persons lined up three deep waiting for their turn to use dictionaries, atlases, encyclopedias, head over heels in efforts to find out the next to the tallest mountain in the Fiji Islands or a direct descendant of Adam in sixteen letters.

Finally, in self-defence, I decided to solve one of the puzzles, and made up my mind to win a limousine offered by a New York paper, as first prize in a cross-word contest. I thought how enjoyable it would be to go riding with my friends in that 'lovely automobile.

At first it came easy. Who doesn't know a four letter word meaning lifeless? Dead, of course. A most pathetic vegetable? An onion, because it makes us weep. Sherman's definition of war. I imagine every one knows that!

At last most all the blanks were filled, and now came the real difficulty. There were words impossible for anyone to find in their own vocabulary:

A Chinese word meaning sweet potato.

An African insect that inhabits the hide of the hippo only.

A principal ingredient of the most famous patent medicine.

What the ostrich says when he stubs his toe.

These and a dozen other problems occupied the better part of my mind for the rest of the three weeks available. Though I en-

(Concluded on Page 30)

# In the HISTORY of F.H.S.

Some Memorable Events of the School Year



Their Goal Attained.



The Highest



The Copperhead - Senior Play



A New Club Appears



Mr. Dickey's New Assistant



Library and Literary Club Entertainments



Freshman Debating



Inevitable!

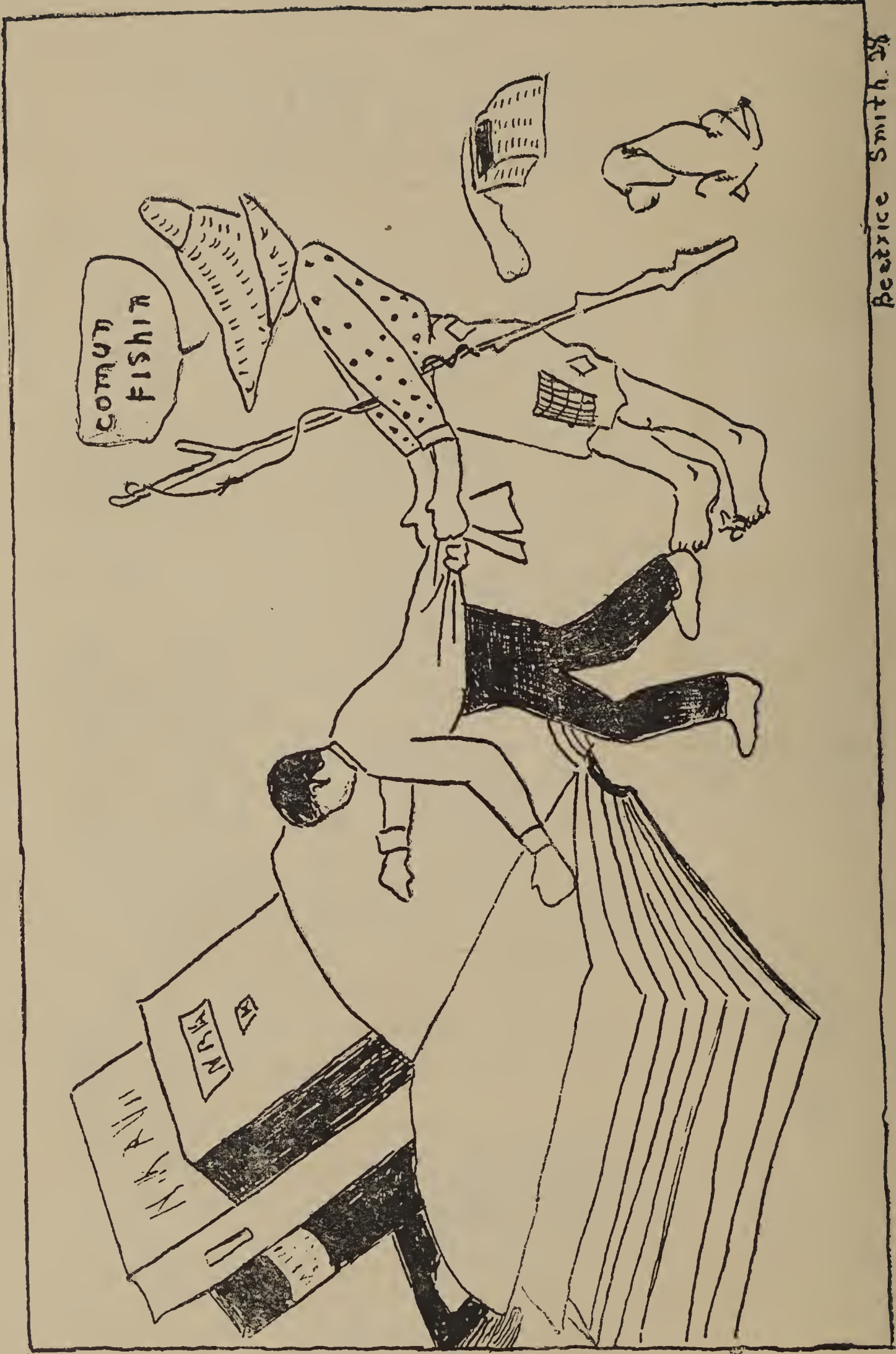


Football Banquet



Traffic Cops!

Fines '21



Bessie Smith 28

TEMPTATION





Picture in your mind's eye two male members of our faculty lying side by side on the floor, lost to sight under a large blanket, while the rest of the faculty circles about them in solemn processions! The party at Mr. Dickey's home was jolly from the moment we got inside the door, till the time we bade wee Mary a reluctant farewell, some hours later. It marked the occasion of our one social get-together so far this year, and school-talk was absolutely taboo.

A short time ago, a teacher's institute for all Fairhaven teachers was held one afternoon at the High School. Interesting addresses and discussions were carried on in all parts of the building. One especially interesting talk was given before the High School teachers by the Dean of Girls of the Taunton High School.

Also one Friday, we all attended a Bristol County Teachers' Convention in Fall River, and had a day full of inspiration and discussion of teachers' problems. Several hundred school-teachers, singing lustily in a large theatre, are worth going far to hear.

Were you to peek into the gymnasium at a certain hour on a certain afternoon each week, you would be amazed—or *would* you?—to see some of our dignified teachers performing the steps of an Irish jig, at a speed of about forty miles an hour. Ask any one of them and they will tell you that folk-dancing is their favorite indoor sport!

HELEN F. NORTHUP,

Instructor.

## MURDOCK PHONES, RADIO DETECTIVE

I entered the room by the usual way; that is, the doorway, after first beating a solo upon the panels of the door. I came in urgent summons from Murdock Phones. Once in the room I was completely lost in a cloud of vapor.

"Ah!" thought I, at first. "Is this one of the fogs from his favorite London?"

But nay. Murdock came to my rescue and piloted me safely through the vaporous obstruction which was nothing more than a smoke screen laid by the long pipe protruding from Murdock's mouth and a black cigar that dangled from the lips of his visitor, probably a client.

"Welcome, Watson," said Murdock, scooping me into a chair. "Glad you came. I see that you stayed at home and dined on sardines instead of going to the restaurant, last night."

"Who informed you of all that?"

"No one. I can see for myself. Just a simple train of deduction. You have broken your thumb-nail. Most unusual thing for a quiet man like you to do. You most likely did it in opening your pocket knife. Now, Watson, yours is always well oiled, so the one that broke your nail must be stiff and new.

"Something, therefore, must be wrong with the old knife to cause you to need a new one. Lost? No, you are too careful. Broken? Probably, and in opening a can. Of tomatoes? No. A sardine can, the most obstinate of all cans. You would of course eat the sardines at home."

"Excellent!" I cried. "Excellent! But why did I not eat at the restaurant?"

"That's more difficult," said he, thoughtfully studying my physiognomy. "I should say it was because the restaurant had previously served you a bad and odorous egg."

"Quite true!" I admitted. "How ever did you deduce it?"

"Oh, simply enough. When you came in, I noticed you were pale and nervous. I concluded that you had been shell-shocked."

Murdock's visitor evidently wanted to speak, for he was making some weird guttural sounds. It may have been that he had swallowed his cigar during Murdock's amazing deduction. I now saw

that this man was stout, very stout, so stout in fact that he appeared to be all hills and no valleys.

Murdock came to his rescue: "Mr. Lareau, who is the proprietor of the Near-Yeast Restaurant, has been so kind as to discover a mystery. Some time ago, Mr. Lareau patented a most original idea. He met, however, much opposition from some unknown enemy. His plan was to broadcast by radio, delicious odors and smells of things that are cooked in his restaurant. Besides being a delightful recreation, it advertises his eating-place. Recently, some one, possibly this same enemy, has been causing serious interference."

He paused.

"That, Watson, is the problem. As a step towards solution, let us examine this interference at first-hand."

Turning to his wonderful expecto-dyne receiving set, he struck a match and lit the lights inside. He then wound the set up by some knobs on front. Soon a voice within the hour announced:

"This is station C-A-F-E of the Near-Yeast Restaurant. We are about to broadcast the grand opera 'The Baker of Seville.' We are sure that all our friends will agree that this grand opera is magnificent."

Then began a delightful overture of soupy smells followed by choruses, arias, and concerted music consisting of the odors of heated canines, Irish grapes, et cetera. We had just begun to enjoy ourselves when a sickly, thickish, greenish and odious smell gradually pervaded the room.

Lareau and I immediately stopped up our nostrils, but Murdock sniffed the atmosphere with the air of a connoisseur. After a short time spent in thought he arose from his chair and obtained from a dark recess of the room, an iceless refrigerator and an ice-cream freezer. He connected this apparatus in series with the radio set and began to turn the freezer's crank. The odor was immediately frozen into chunks of what we soon recognized were limberger cheese.

"How derrible!" said I, my speech greatly affected by the fierceness with which I hung on to my nose.

"O, this is very delicate-smelling compared to some cheeses I have sniffed," said Murdock. "In fact, it is so delicate as to lead me to believe it came from a delicatessen."

"I suppose you are used to such odors," said Lareau, "considering that you lived on Water Street, New Bedford, Massachusetts, for so many years."

"That is exactly the reason," returned Phones. "And if you gentlemen will leave me to think, I will be much obliged. Be sure to return to-morrow evening. And Lareau, you bring an officer to arrest whoever my "radio dog" runs down."

And the street door slammed shut, silently.

Lareau, a policeman, and I appeared next evening to see what the "radio dog" might be.

"This is Radio Rex," said Murdock, as he produced a wire-haired terrier. Every hair was a miniature aerial, while on his back was strapped a miniature expecto-dyne set connected to an ear-phone muzzle on his nose.

Soon the dog yapped. A spark jumped his ear to his tail. Every wire hair stood on end. Then as he took the scent, he disappeared down the street, nose skyward, and Murdock skidding along at the end of the leash.

We followed at top speed and in a cloud of dust until we arrived at a picket fence behind which Murdock, or rather Rex had stopped. By peering over the fence we managed to discern the back of a delicatessen store.

A clothes line was strung about the yard. Nothing happened, so we climbed the fence and waited, some in patience, others in bushes and shrubs. Time passed as it does occasionally. The dog whined like a shrapnel, but Murdock managed to silence him before he burst. Finally, an old Dutchman rolled out of the house and commenced to grease the clothes line.

Silence reigned. It reigned so hard that I cut out a chunk and threw it at Murdock to attract his attention. He frowned.

"I suspect that that clothes line is an antennae," communicated Murdock by mental telepathy.

"Do tell," I sent back.

Soon the old man rolled back into the house. We followed. Murdock and the policeman produced their handy Kilgore revolvers. We advanced rapidly down a hall into a room at the end. So silently had we come that the Dutchman and his wife had not heard us and continued to feed cheese into a broadcasting set.

They turned, and seeing the officer, they surrendered. The policeman "did his duty" and with Lareau's aid, led the old man to another place of residence. We remained behind to question the old lady as to their motives.

"O," said she. "Dat Lareau he ruin de delicatessan trade wid his sniff concerts, so we stop heem."

"So I supposed," said Murdock.

"But why was your husband greasing the aerial?" asked I.

Murdock answered me, "To make the cheese slide off more easily. Am I right?"

The woman nodded. Murdock smiled triumphantly. Whereupon, he snatched a bouquet from a vase and humbly presented it to himself.

FREDERICK MOSS and WARREN PAGE, '27.

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The cross-word puzzle is an intensively rectangular but essentially heterogeneous concatenation of dissimilar verbal synonymic similitudes, replete with internal inhibitions, yet; promulgating extensive ratiocination and meticulously designed to promote fulminative vituperation, dispel hebetudinesity and develop speculative, contemplative, introspective, deliberative and cogitative faculties.

"Twin Mutual Insurance Topics"



Visitor at Hospital—"Is Mr. Murphy in?"

Hospital Attendant—"Yes, he's convalescing now."

Visitor—"Very well, I'll wait."

—Selected

The office boy rushed into the boss's office with his hat on one side of his head and shouted, "Hey boss! I want to get off to go to the ball game."

"William," said the boss, "that is no way to ask. Sit here at the desk and I will show you how. You pretend you are me."

He went from the room and returned with his hat in his hand, saying, "Please, Mr. Smith, may I go to the ball game this afternoon?"

"Sure," said Billy, "here's fifty cents for a ticket."

—Life.

Porter—"Where's yo' trunks, sah?"

Salesman—"I use no trunks."

Porter—"But I thought you wuz one of these traveling salesmen."

Salesman—"I am, but I sell brains, understand? I sell brains."

Porter—"Excuse me, Boss, but youse the first travelin' fella that's been here who ain't carrying no samples."

—Selected.

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear," he said, "I'd travel." Impulsively she slipped her hand into his; then, rising swiftly she sped into the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

—Jester.

Fifty—"Is the pleasure of the next dance to be all mine?"

Twenty—"Yes, all of it."

—California Pelican.

A hungry traveler put his head out of a car window as his train pulled up at a small station and said to a boy:—

"Here, boy, take this dime and get me a sandwich, will you? And by the way—here's another dime—get a sandwich for yourself, too."

The boy darted away and returned munching a sandwich just as the train was starting off. He ran to the traveler and handed him a dime and said:

"Here's your dime back, boss. They only had one sandwich left."

Mother—"Now, Willie, if you put this wedding cake under your pillow, what you dream will come true."

Willie—"Why can't I eat the cake and put the pillow over my stomach?"  
—Selected.

Sunday School Teacher—"Now, each pupil will quote a Bible verse as he drops in his pennies."

Junior (after some desperate thinking)—"A fool and his money are soon parted."  
—Selected.

Teacher—"We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of any other examples?"

Willie Willis—"Our lawn-mower from the Smiths, our snow-shovel from the Joneses, and our baby-carriage from the Bumps."  
—Selected.

Ella—"Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Stella—"I told her not to tell you I told you."

Ella—"Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."  
—Life.

"Gif me two pounds of that salmon."

"That isn't salmon—that's ham."

"Who asked you vat it vas?"

—Jack O'Lantern.

"Class," said the new teacher, "I want you all to be as quiet as you can; so quiet that you can hear a pin drop."

Silence was golden.

Small bass voice in rear of room.  
"Let 'er drop."  
—Judge.

Judge—"What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner—"My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

Judge—"Officer, put this guy in a dry-cell."  
—Punch.

She—"Can you drive with one hand?"

He (passionately) —"Yes."

She—"Then pick up my glove."

—Life.

It was the dear old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she watched with growing alarm the driver continually putting his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Young man, you look where you're going. I'll tell you when it starts to rain."  
—Ladies Home Journal.

Old Lady—"I see that tips are forbidden here."

Attendant—"Lor' Mum, so was apples at the Garden of Eden."

—Goblin.

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home," declared the irate judge.

"Hurray!" yelled the prisoner.

—Black and Blue Jay.

Co-ed—"Don't you know why I refused you?"

Henry—"I can't think."

Co-ed—"You guessed it."

—Phoenix.

Clerk (in restaurant) "How's the chicken today?"

Waitress—"Fine, how's yourself?"

—Phoenix.



The basketball season has been completed with the following results:—

Fairhaven	24	Holy Family	27
Fairhaven	17	Vocational	26
Fairhaven	19	Durfee	41
Fairhaven	11	Durfee	30
Fairhaven	10	New Bedford	13
Fairhaven	16	Vocational	15
Fairhaven	24	Hope High	29
Fairhaven	27	Providence Tech	15
Fairhaven	39	Dartmouth	23
Fairhaven	18	New Bedford	30

A number of the boys have been up to Boston three times—to the State Meet, the B.A.A. Games and the Huntington Meet. Our boys scored a win in the relay at the Huntington and the B.A.A. meets.

At the Bristol County Interscholastic Track Meet the F.H.S. Track Team was clearly the superior in a score of 35 to 21 and brought home the beautiful cup given by Mayor Hathaway. At this meet Paul Cieurzo broke the Bristol County Interscholastic record in the shot put and established a mark of forty-one feet seven inches. Edward Dubiel made a new mark of nine feet in the standing broad jump.



## GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The first undertaking of the G.A.A. this year was a party for the freshman girls. Each upper class girl invited a "freshie" and saw that she had a good time. This was the first "welcome party" that has ever been given the F.H.S. freshmen, and the G.A.A. feels justly proud of being the first to have taken this step.

Next came initiation—one which will not soon be forgotten by the girls. After going through the general stunts, each girl was requested to do some individual performances. Mary O'Leary, one of the most active freshmen, exhibited fine swimming form about fifteen feet high from the floor. Another feature of the afternoon was a race across the gymnasium floor with a mouthful of Epsom Salts. A pleasant task, indeed!! The programme for the day ended with informal dancing.

Interclass hockey games are now over and Class A again won the championship. This makes the third consecutive year that they have been champions. The members of the champion team were as follows:

Adaleita Hathaway .....	Right Wing
Elsie Perry .....	Right Inside
Nellie Coombs .....	Center Forward
Mildred Bryant, Captain .....	Left Inside
Anna Burke .....	Left Wing
Ruth Jason .....	Right Halfback
Anna Fernandes .....	Center Halfback
Delphena Brown .....	Left Halfback
Mary Sylvia .....	Right Fullback
Marjorie Dexter .....	Left Fullback
Margaret Gifford .....	Goal Tender

The freshman class has some fine material. Class B will have to play their best brand of hockey to win against this scrappy little team next fall.

Basketball is again with us, and once more F.H.S. is represented by a girls' basketball team. We have some fine material and with proper practice and coaching hope to become a match for any girls' team around here, and to uphold the fine records which our boys have made for Fairhaven High School.

DELPHENA BROWN,  
Secretary, G.A.A.

## WHY BOTHER TO EXERCISE?

The aim of the girls' gymnasium work is to develop each girl until, in her school work now, and her life work later she may live the most and serve the best. Joyous play, satisfying work, devoted service depend upon abundant health, easy and correct functioning of all parts of the body, mind, and spirit.

Looking back through the biological ages we find that the physical being, the body, the bones and muscles are developed first and are basic. Developing after muscles and taking pattern according to their activity, come the mind and moral qualities. Nature spent an immense amount of time in developing muscles. They are the fundamental centers of endurance, which enables us to hold out against the strain and speed of modern life. The health of these fundamental muscles supplies health and tone to the finer and more delicate parts. As it was exercise through use that first developed the muscles, so it is exercise only that keeps them fit.

Many forms of exercise are carried on in the physical education department. Outdoor games, field hockey, tennis, baseball, indoor games of simple organization, and basketball are taught. Track and field events are coached. Marching, dancing, and heavy apparatus work are presented. Formal exercise for the correction of round shoulders, hollow backs, and weak feet are explained. We offer such a varied program, in the hope that each girl will find some type of exercise that she will enjoy well enough to continue after her school days are over.

RUTH H. CADY,  
Instructor.

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(Concluded from Page 18)

listed the aid of my teacher, the traffic cop, the librarian, and the janitor, some of those words I shall never know.

I have definitely decided that I do not care for motoring, but . . . I am now wondering who is the happy possessor of that automobile!

DORIS MAKER, '28

## THE COMMERCIAL CLUB



On December 17, 1924, the Commercial Club held its Christmas party in the gymnasium. The seats were arranged in a semi-circle around the Christmas tree which was beautifully decorated. Curious little boxes peeped from between the branches here and there, while the foot of the tree was surrounded by odd packages of all colors, shapes, and sizes. Previous to the party, the members of the club drew names and purchased a present whose name they had received. These mysterious looking parcels were the results.

All were busily engaged in conversation, when the door opened—and in walked a real Santa—to be exact, Santa Sylvestre Xavier. After telling us about his trip from the North by aeroplane, he distributed the presents. A short “jingle” was read about each pupil as he received his gift. The

rhymes were very interesting indeed, and caused much merriment, to say nothing of flushed cheeks (ask “Packy”). Then Santa Xavier presented a boudoir lamp to Miss Gurney from the members of the club.

After the presents had all been given out, refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served. The cakes, made by the senior girls of the club, were attractively frosted with the red and green Christmas colors. Miss Margaret Gifford surprised us all by cleverly frosting the club letters M.Y.O.B. on each little cup cake. You can imagine how quickly those cakes disappeared. What a lucky man he will be, Margaret!

Dancing followed the refreshments. The committee in charge was as follows: Anna Worthy, Jessie Lenhares, Edith Shurtleff, Mildred Bryant, Delphena Brown.

DELPHENA BROWN, '25.

## NOTES FROM CARPE DIEM SODALITAS

The upper classes in Latin, Class A & B and Class C, have played off Group Seven and Eight for the upper class pin which Miss Sophia MacAffee successfully defended during her four years in high school, and surrendered last June on graduating.

The pupils in Class A & B who had won the right to play off Group VII were Ruth Avery, Mildred Parkinson, Eleanor Phinney, Dorothea Magilton, and Nellie Coombs. Ruth Avery, Alice Eitel, and Dorothea Magilton have a perfect score in Group VIII.

In Class C, Hope Dudgeon, Crawford Dunham, Edith Kinney, Everett Slocum, and Granville Prior successfully passed the Group VII play off, while Hope Dudgeon, Crawford Dunham, Edith Kinney, Sidney Burrows, and Granville Prior attained perfect scores in Group VII.

After these class contests were held there survived in Class A & B, Ruth Avery, Dorothea Magilton, and Alice Eitel. Class C was represented by Hope Dudgeon and Granville Prior.

In the inter-class play-off, Miss Avery and Prior were tied. To ascertain the winner a time record was taken, in which Miss Avery was victorious. The pin has, therefore, been awarded to Miss Avery.

NELLIE C. COOMBS,  
President of C.D.S.

The D. Class pin was won by Enos Alferes in a time contest on Group I to work off a tie between Miss Owen, Miss Mitchell, Miss Ritchie, and Alferes, and has been successfully defended by him in Groups II and III.

Only one word was failed in the class contest on Group III, the following captains reporting perfect teams: Miss Owen, Miss Mitchell, Miss Knowles, Miss Ritchie, and Alferes. Of these teams the following pupils have established their records in Group III with Mrs. Dodge: Miss Miriam Owen, Miss Delores Rousseau, Miss Constance Dudgeon, Miss Edith Mitchell, Miss Phyllis Brownell, Enos Alferes, and Harold Dutton.

MILDRED O. PARKINSON,  
Secretary C.D.S.

## Les Cloches De Noce Sur L'île De Terreur

Résumé français d'un article en anglais dans le  
"New York Times," du 25 Janvier, 1925.

Par Yvonne Demers, '26.

Dans l'île d'Ouessant la tradition dit que les femmes cultiveront la terre et que les hommes suivront la mer. Il n'y a pas longtemps qu'une jeune fille faisait la cour à un jeune homme, ce qui montre qu'Ouessant appartenait certainement aux femmes. Elle leur appartient encore; aujourd'hui ce sont les hommes qui font la cour mais ce sont toujours les femmes qui cultivent la terre et qui tiennent leur maison propre pour les hommes. Elles marchent avec un certain mouvement de dignité qui leur donne une beauté à elles seules. On les appelle "Les Filles de la Pluie" et leur île "L'île de Terreur" à cause des naufrages et des désastres qui l'ont visitée.

Voici l'histoire d'une fille de la pluie qui a épousé un homme de la mer avec les cérémonies traditionnelles.

Les portes s'ouvrent et la nouvelle mariée et son époux suivis des témoins, sortent. Les deux jeunes filles portent des châles de soie blanche, de grandes guirlandes de fleur d'oranger et toutes les autres femmes, vieilles et jeunes, portent les cheveux sur leurs épaules. Après la cérémonie on s'embrasse tous et on fait une procession dans tout le village, s'arrêtant ici et là pour prendre un verre de bière ou de vin. Le soir on va danser, manger et chanter à l'hôtel. De vieux matelots chantent "Sole Mio" et d'autres chansons. On a dansé comme cela hier au soir quand les invités ont tous apporté du lait pour le pouding au riz; on, danse aujourd'hui aux frais des mariés et demain on dansera aux frais des témoins.

Ils dansent comme cela pendant trois jours et trois nuits puis après le jeune mari part dans son bateau pour le grand voyage qui dure six ou sept mois, quelquefois plus longtemps encore. Bien souvent il ne revient plus et seulement une petite croix au cimetière le rappelle au souvenir de ses amis. La jeune femme continue à demeurer avec ses parents jus qu'à ce que son mari revienne; s'il revient.

Elles sont courageuses, ces femmes qui se marient avec des hommes qu'elles connaissent à peine, et qui les laissent partir sans savoir s'ils vont revenir ou non. Oui, elles sont très courageuses.

## DOMESTIC SCIENCE

### MILADY'S WARDROBE

I came, I saw, and went away, surprised and pleased with the exhibition of sewing which represented twenty weeks of work by the first year girls.

There were underclothes of different styles and materials, some plain, and some dressed up for the occasion with lace and embroidery, and crocheting and tatted yokes.

A dress or two of simple design hung there before us, and there were aprons, plain and fancy. Milady would have quite a wardrobe, could she but have her choice of the fifty-five garments.

There were dresses made by Ruth Ritchie, Louise Emin, and Astred Phillips. A tatted yoke on a nightgown made by Miriam Owen showed many days of patient work. Dorothy Fichtenmeyer, after starting in with a nightgown, transformed it into a pair of "Billy Burkes." A very pretty hemstitched slip was made by Margaret Norris. Other articles too numerous to mention, showed fine needlework, embroidery, et cetera.

Our teacher, Miss Gifford, has been very patient with us and has labored untiringly to start us on successful dress-making careers.

MARION E. MORSE, '28.

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### WHY?

"I don't see why we have to be so careful about making our cooking uniforms," grumbled Doris, a girl in the seventh grade.

"Well," said Violet, a high school freshman, who was talking to her, "you wouldn't want to have to do it over again when you start to take cooking, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't, but why do we have to be so particular about them?" asked Doris.

"Because they have to be alike. Our uniforms can be compared to those of the soldiers. It would be a funny sight if every soldier had on something different. For instance, one man wearing a brown coat, someone else a blue one, and one of the men wearing

(Concluded on Page 35)

## MUSIC APPRECIATION

In our class in Music Appreciation we have made a thorough study of both secular and sacred forms. During the course we have analyzed many one, two and three-period songs such as "Flow Gently Sweet Afton", "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes", "Santa Lucia", and others, and have found that a Folk Song, often in the A, A, B, A form is the fundamental form in music.

We have studied the origin of the Opera and its component parts, discussed Ballads, National Songs, Concerted Music, Cantatas, and have noted the difference between Art and Strophe songs. We have listened to many fine examples of these forms with records on the Victrola.

In sacred music we have learned the parts of the Mass and have been interested in the development of Oratorio. We are about to take up shorter forms such as Anthems, Hymns, Chants, Chorals, etc.

Another thing which has helped us in our study has been the radio. Many of the students have them in their homes, and each morning before we begin a recitation we discuss current events and the music broadcasted over this wonderful instrument.

HARRY ROGERS, '25.

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(Concluded from Page 34)

a pair of black shoes while the rest wore brown. And so it would look queer if each girl in the cooking class wore a different uniform," answered Violet.

"Yes, it would, and I guess the class would look neater if the uniforms are alike," admitted Doris.

"Have you put on your name yet?"

"No, I didn't know we had to."

"Yes, indeed, on every part of the uniform. So many girls lose their things that they could never tell them apart if the name wasn't on them."

"Well," replied Doris, "thank you for telling me. I see now why they have to be alike and the marking is really a necessity. I am going to tell the other girls to be sure and mark theirs. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," answered Violet.

DOROTHY BROADBENT '28.

## NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PRISONS DURING THE CIVIL WAR

The following talk by Miss Elizabeth Dugdale was chosen as one of the best topics which are given weekly by the Senior United States History Class.

taken. One of the men slashed his shoes with a knife and was allowed to keep them. Another who wore little patent leathers was permitted to keep his also.

All day long the men marched and no food was given them. Some, who were very hungry, killed a dog and ate him. In the morning, hardtack was thrown to them and then they were put in box cars and shipped to Richmond. When they arrived they were put in Libbey Prison.

Here a thorough search was made and all their money and other possessions, which had escaped notice before, were taken. The searchers promised to return the money later but they never did. Some of the men were lucky enough to save their tooth brushes and one man was later offered three hundred dollars for his. Between all the three hundred and fifty officers there were only twelve brushes.

The food was very poor, consisting merely of black bean soup and corn bread. The corn bread was mostly ground corn stalks, cockroaches, and mice. The soup contained as many bugs as beans. These rations were passed out once a day.

Often the men tried tunneling their way out. Sometimes they were successful and at other times they failed. If they did escape, blood hounds were used to capture them.

Once when the Northern Army was approaching Richmond, the men were boxed up and shipped to Danville. Here they were kept in an old deserted warehouse. The windows were broken and the floor was dirty but became dirtier as time passed. The men petitioned for hoes to clean the place, but they were refused because the guards feared they might use them for weapons.

At the battle of Cedar Creek about eleven hundred Northerners were captured by the South. First the men were lined up and all their valuables were confiscated. Then regardless of the fact that they had a long march to make, their shoes and overcoats were



Soon after they were brought here, rations were decreased to just the corn bread. The nights were cold as there were no stoves and no blankets. Vermin of all kinds crawled over them. The men were placed so close together they had to wait till morning to pick them off. While the men grew more emaciated and gaunt the lice grew fat and healthy.

Every day ten men went for water to a nearby spring. The men drew lots to see who should go because this was about the only exercise they had. The men tried to play chess with homemade chess sets, but when they tried to keep their minds on the game they had fainting fits and spasms. They also told stories and the men who knew other languages taught them to their fellow prisoners. Sometimes the classes held banquets and each man would read off tempting menus of his favorite dishes.

The men were taken to Annapolis to be exchanged but hardly one was in fit condition to fight again. For this reason there was not much exchanging done.

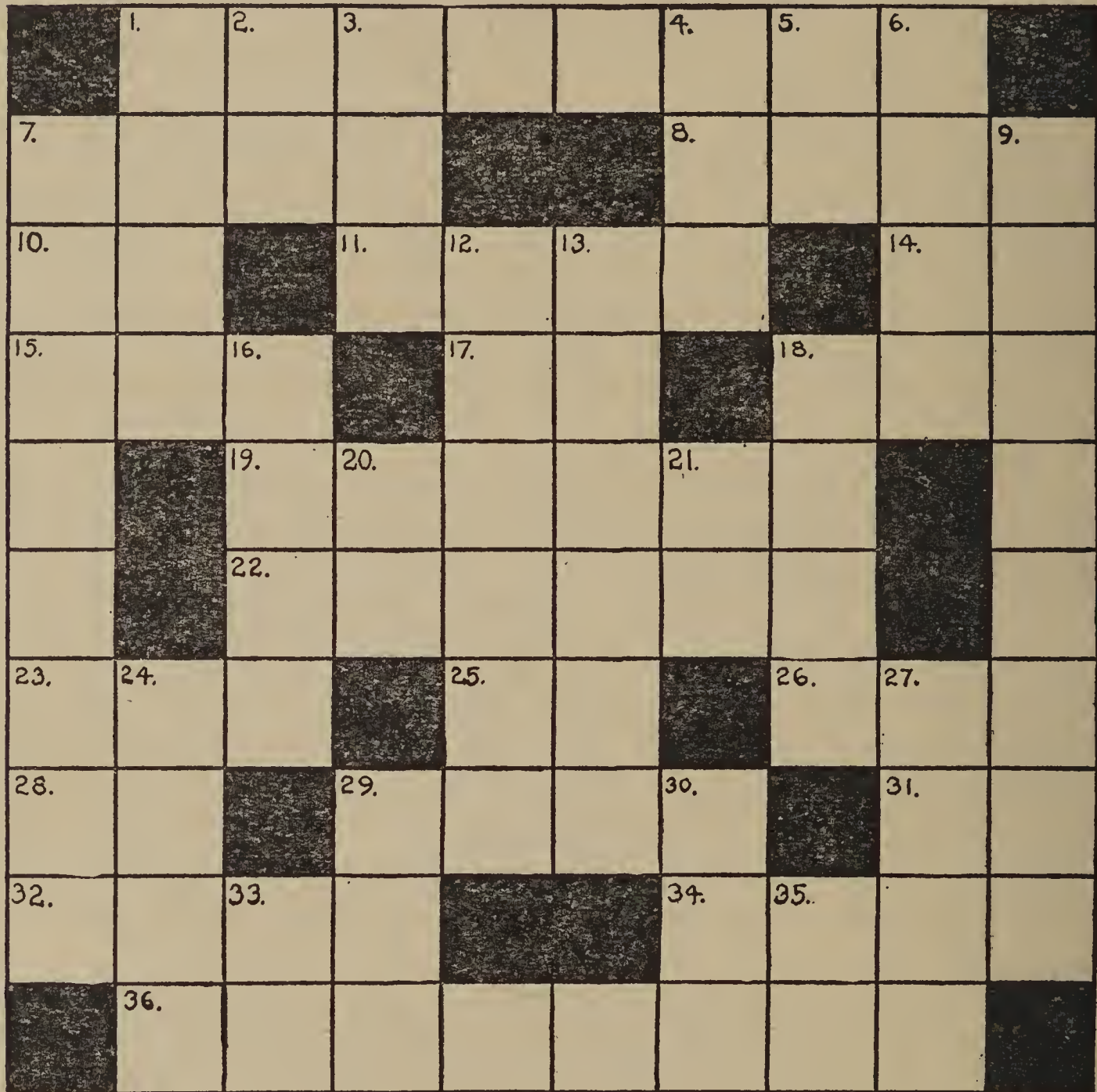
Andersonville was another Southern prison. Here less than six square feet was allowed to a man. No clothes were furnished and no soap, so there were many cases of pneumonia. The sick lay on bare boards and even on the ground. Only one doctor was allowed for all the prisoners and many died before he even saw them. Many died and lay beside their fellow men for days before they were discovered and taken out. Flies and other lice swarmed over the sick and dying, getting in their wounds and even in their eyes and mouths.

At one time when the Northerners came within seven miles of the place, the manager ordered the guards to fire on the defenseless prisoners, thirty-five thousand in all. He feared they would besiege the town if set free.

The largest prison in the North was Camp Morton. It covered a very large area and was surrounded by two high walls. The guards were stationed between. A large stream of water ran through the camp and there were many shade trees. If a man was able to scale the walls and escape no one bothered him and blood hounds were never used. An escaping prisoner was treated kindly up North, but down South they were treated very cruelly.

(Concluded on Page 45)

## The History Department Presents An All History Cross Word Puzzle



Albert Gifford, '27.

The sum of two dollars contributed by the A, B, and C history classes has been deposited in the Fairhaven High School savings bank in trust for the pupil of the Fairhaven High School who shall first present the correct solution of this puzzle.

### HORIZONTAL

1. French officer who lost America for France.
7. Symbol of two leading families who contended for throne of England.

8. Name by which early German council was known.
10. Initials of the signature of Seven English Kings.
11. A German ruler of the Saxon family.
14. Title the University of Salerno was fitted to bestow.
15. (Latin) Henry's was bare at Canossa.
17. Two first letters in name of one of Elizabeth's prime favorites.
18. What Caxton without doubt sometimes made.
19. The most powerful of the three estates in Europe between 6th and 13th centuries.
22. Name given to letter of alphabet and a paternal ancestor after treaty of Verdun.
23. What Richard II was when he became king of England.
25. Initials of document which ended War of Austrian Succession.
26. With one letter prefixed, the title of Brummell and Nash.
28. Initials of two words which well describe the "Do-Nothing-Kings."
29. Early musical instrument of the Greeks.
31. Title of respect used by English-speaking peoples.
32. Feminine form of a famous minor poem by Milton.
34. Food which gave name to one of first political parties in England.
36. Great French dictator.

### VERTICAL

1. Man who wrote the "Land of Nowhere."
2. (Latin) Usually utterly destroyed in case of medieval punishments for heresy.
3. First syllable of name given to the classical architecture revived by Italian Renaissance.
4. Second word in the four word title of one of Shakespeare's plays.
5. Initials of a large island on Atlantic sea board early claimed by England.
6. First four letters in the name of a very important family of Florence.
7. What France is today.
9. The condition of this was the occasion of the French Revolution.
12. Final event of all wars.
13. Tribe which was first to conquer Russia.
16. A probable sea-food of early Britons.
18. Where Dido died.
20. Initials of man who began the scientific renaissance in Italy.
21. Initials of pseudonym of a very famous English novelist of 19th century.
24. An ancient ruler of Judah or, with one letter doubled, one of the names under which Jupiter was worshiped.
27. A common interruption in Methodist revivals.
29. Initials of very famous pair of lovers of early 14th century.
30. Second degree bestowed by universities.
35. Initials of elements found by Lavoisier in a very common substance.

## THE COW THAT PIERRE DREW

Pierre stood staring at the rough sketch of a cow, drawn on a whitewashed side of a deserted hut that stood where the road branched. It was a small cow and the horns were pointed in the direction of St. Loup, where the boy was going.

For two reasons Pierre looked at that cow. One reason was because he liked to draw animals. He often drew them on whitewashed walls with charcoal such as this. The other reason was that he had seen two cows such as this just before the Germans came to their town and they had had to flee. One had been on a garden wall, the other on a barn. Pierre wondered who took the trouble to draw the cow. He decided to ask his friend Corporal Martin.

When Pierre and his mother had fled they came to their Grandfather's. Pierre started to work and was just coming back from driving sheep when he saw the cow.

"I could draw better than that," thought Pierre and started to do so. He took out the charcoal and proceeded to touch it up. He changed the animal some and started for home.

Pierre was well on the way home, when a thought crossed his mind. The Corporal had talked one evening of the tricks of the Germans—how they always had ways of finding the right road even though the French people tore down the sign posts, and how sometimes the spies would go ahead and made strange signs.

"I wonder if the cow was drawn by a spy," thought the boy. "Oh, how I wish I had rubbed it out." He was debating in his mind whether he should go back or go on. He stopped short. For he had come in sight of St. Loup and there on the tower of the little gray church was flying a red flag. He knew what it meant. The Germans were expected and it was to warn them of their approach.

He was rather afraid. From walking a long way he was tired, hot, and hungry. He wondered if by risking his life he could save St. Loup. Then another thought—perhaps it was only drawn by a peasant like him, but there was the red flag.

Another minute the boy was going back as fast as he could go. The way seemed very long and his feet were heavy.

Soon the hut came in sight. He started quickly to rub out the picture of the cow. He had only his coat sleeves, but both helped.

Very soon the cow was but a big smudge. Then Pierre had another thought. Taking out a piece of charcoal from his pocket he went round to the other side and started to draw a cow with the horns pointing in the direction of Ferté. He tried to make it like the first one and was soon so interested in his work that he forgot the expected enemy.

His thoughts were recalled by near shouts and a smell of smoke. Looking round the corner of the hut he saw the front rank of the Germans. Frightened, he could only run into the hedge. Then he saw a tree and darted up into the branches, hoping the Germans wouldn't see him.

The soldiers marched along, singing and laughing. When Pierre dared look he saw that they had taken the road to Ferté. Was it possible that his cow had sent them that way? If so, he had saved the village and his grandfather's.

Corporal Martin, who had been badly wounded at the beginning of the war, was watching in the direction from which Pierre was coming. "Run and hide, boy, the Boches will be here in a little while! Don't wait a second!"

For an answer, Pierre threw himself on the ground and said, "I can't go any farther, and the Boches have gone to Ferté."

Pierre had saved the town and the Germans were trapped at Ferté because French soldiers were encamped there.

LOUISE RANSOM, '27.

### THE GODDESS OF MORNING

The Goddess of Morning so wondrous fair  
Comes holding aloft her silver broom,  
With a face so sweet and smile so rare,  
She sweeps from the skies the midnight gloom.

The golden stars pale and tremble with fear;  
They know their splendor they cannot keep.  
But swiftly must vanish as she draws near  
Into the far away velvet deep.

On she approaches, and her floating hair  
Is the mist that rises rainbow hued  
From the grassy leas and the flowers so fair,  
From hills and valleys so richly bedewed.

She pauses a moment and turns her head,  
With a gradual sweep and a graceful sway  
She summons from out of his crimson bed  
King Sol in his glory, and lo, it is Day!

MURIEL CHAMBERLAIN, '26.

(Concluded from Page 15)

thought of the trick he had played on some of the fishermen. The day passed slowly and quietly, but with a hint of danger.

Night again! Once more did Vincent push his skiff upon the waters. Again he feverishly worked transferring the shellfish to his own boat. He was still a half mile from his landing place when he discovered that the water had risen to his ankles in the rotten boat. Terror seized him.

"Help, help," he shouted vigorously.

Instead of rowing ahead he lost control of himself completely, and stood up beating his fists together, tearing his hair, shouting, and sobbing. For strange as it may seem, most sea-faring men cannot swim.

The noise created had caused lights to blink along the shore. People and children crowded on the banks peering into the darkness, from whence came the cries, and listening in awe. Men themselves were frightened at the weird cries, and hesitated in their attempts at rescue. All the while the loaded skiff sank lower and lower into the bay with its blubbering victim.

Lawton was one of the men not affected by the strangeness of it all.

"Man the boats there some of you and hurry."

But they searched the waters in vain.

ALPHONSE PRZYGODA, '25

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### VIRTUES

Three things are given us to do:

To work, to venture, and improve.

All three in one we can combine

For duty stands not far behind.

Three things are given us to be:

Honest, lovable, and free.

Now help each other, one and all

And all these three in one will fall!

Three things are given us to know:

Beauty, honor, and the truth—So

Putting all nine into one fold,

We have the virtues of the soul.

ELSIE A. PERRY, '25

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## EXCHANGES

We wish to acknowledge the following Exchanges:

Oak Leaves, Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.  
Alpha, New Bedford High, New Bedford, Mass.  
The Arguenot, Norwood High, Norwood, Mass.  
The Trumpeter, Bourne High, Bourne, Mass.  
The Scholastic Editor, Madison, Wisconsin.  
The Tattler, Ithaca High, Ithaca, N. Y.  
The E. H. S. Record, English High, Boston, Mass.  
The Rindge Register, Rindge Technical, Cambridge, Mass.  
The Abhis, Abington High, Abington, Mass.  
The Chronicle, Hartford High, Hartford, Conn.  
The Philomath, Framingham High, Framingham, Mass.  
The Harpoon, Dartmouth High, Dartmouth, Mass.  
The Golden Rod, Quincy High, Quincy, Mass.  
The Burdett Lion, Burdett College, Boston, Mass.  
The Cougars Paw, State College, Pullman, Washington.

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### AS WE SEE OTHERS:

Oak Leaves:

Evidence of lots of life up in the "Snow State."

The Arguenot:

A superlative in the world of school magazines.

The Trumpeter:

On your way to establishing a standard in the line of high school literary work.

The Scholastic Editor:

A Friend of the high school magazine.

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### AN EXCERPT FROM "OAK LEAVES":

We are delighted to welcome "The Huttlestonian" to our exchange list. The high literary value and clean humor are a credit to the Fairhaven High.

## THE GARDEN BETWEEN WALLS

MANY years ago, Father Honoré, Chaplain of Stanton Penitentiary, the Sing Sing of the Middle West, bought a set of garden tools for prisoner Charles Wendall, a life term. As Wendall had been ailing at the time, the gift was accompanied by the suggestion that a course in digging wouldn't do him any harm. The suggestion seemed novel, as Wendall's earlier experience had been far removed from gardening. He had been a journalist all his life, the editor of a thriving Mid-Western city daily, years in touch with trouble and crime, boost and knock. Moreover, the tools were child's size, and Wendall was a strapping big man. It seemed as though the Padre were playing a joke.

But Wendall took this jest and made much of it. He asked if he might care for the prison lawns, a small area, and this request was granted. Where then were the sickle, hose, lawn mower, and seed coming from, where, indeed, would the money come from? At the consent of the authorities part of the annual budget for the care of the prison grounds was used to buy the needed articles.

As you know, all prison yards have a foundation of crushed rock, cinders, and scrap iron, which is hardly the thing to plant grass in. Nevertheless the little grass grew right along during the summer, and Wendall took a different attitude towards life. Gardening made quite a hit with him. Then he was visited by a strange ambition; would the warden let him make a little flower garden?

Here was a problem; wardens are made of very stern stuff, and Warden John F. Carr of Stanton Penitentiary was no exception. Yet in this strange request the warden saw a world of good; so he consented. An area of rock and cinders, between the entrance gate and a large cell block was given to Wendall by Warden Carr. At this point the outside world enters the story. The prison appealed to florists, nursery men, and gardeners all over the Middle West for their odds and ends of bulbs, shrubs, plants, and seeds. The result was astonishing. All sorts of seeds, bulbs, young plants, and shrubs were sent to the Penitentiary and set into the ground by Wendall and his steadily increasing corp of prison gardeners. Generous friends donated young fir trees and these, together with many flowering shrubs went to make up the foliage.



The Warden, seeing the prison and the spirit of its inmates developing, as a reward built a small green house, the first of many which was quickly filled by donations. The prospect of a rose garden loomed up, but better soil was needed if roses ever hoped to grow in old Stanton. Not to be denied, the rock and cinders were removed, and good soil put in. All the farmers in the vicinity, helped and brought in loam and fertilizer. One "Duffy" Peters, caught participating in a poker game, was carried to Stanton with his wallet full of his winnings. This money was turned into eight hundred and fifty pounds of bone meal for the rose garden. Gardeners from many cities dug up their choice rose plants and sent them to the prison. The dreaded winter touched but fourteen of the rose plants, and spring found a fine rose garden of eighteen hundred plants. The death house and hospital were daily decorated with fresh flowers from the green house.

Here is the mixture of two entirely different environments, one, cruel and dark, the other, bright and cheerful. Prisons will always be terrible, and flowers always bright. How this mixture will turn out we cannot prophesy. We only know that what was once rock and cinders is now blossoms and roses. Instead of looking at gloomy prison walls, the prisoner looks out at the swelling of the buds, the awakening of the flowers. To the prisoners, spring and summer do not mean a few more months gone on the prison term, but the time when the flowers are budding and going away—to come back again. To these the prisoner can say: "I was in prison and ye came unto me."

CRAWFORD DUNHAM, '27.

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(Concluded from Page 37)

The prisoners had the same rations as the fighting soldiers, and at intervals an inspector was sent to see that the food was pure and that the prisons were clean and healthful. Clothes were furnished and in the winter extra blankets were distributed.

There was much idleness here, too, but the guards did all they could to help. Buttons and other articles were furnished, from which the prisoners carved jewelry and other trinkets. These things were sold and the money was turned over to the prisoners.

Time and again people tried to persuade Lincoln to treat the prisoners more cruelly, but he refused, saying always that he was not warring on humanity.



IT has been said that the Alumni Editor has a “snap”. That may be, but in my estimation the so called “snap” turns out to be a rather long and tiresome task. It is a case of digging out old newspapers and magazines, and following the activities of “prep” schools and colleges to see how many of our learned sons and daughters are distinguishing themselves!

Recently, as I was glancing over some old newspapers, I came across a familiar picture—that of Fred Pflug. Freddy landed the pivot position on the University of Vermont freshman football team. In addition to that he was elected captain of the eleven.

Not to be forgotten is Henry Drake, the American History class artist. I hope he does as good work now as he did the day he drew a picture of the “Tiger of France”!

Bill Bruce not only does excellent work in his classes at Textile School, but has succeeded in making a place on the school’s fast basketball five.

Jack Haydon, a basketball star of a few years ago, has a permanent position as forward on the fastest basketball team in New Bedford—the Mt. Pleasants.

A number of future teachers at Bridgewater Normal had a rather narrow escape this winter when the school buildings were damaged by fire. Fortunately, no one was injured and there was little loss to personal belongings. The Misses Elizabeth Lovejoy, Alice Harding, Genevieve Slade, and Josephine Perry were among the names included in the long list of those who were inconvenienced.

Once in a while one of the girls from Fairhaven High decides to be a nurse instead of a school teacher. Miss Sarah Fleming who chose this profession graduates next June from the St. Luke’s Hospital. All success to her!

Can you imagine Miss Claire Lovejoy married and settled down to the daily routine that married life brings to one?

A bit of news about Edward Andrews, Fairhaven High boy fireman. According to the latest report, "Andy Gump" is in partnership with his father down in North Carolina. I always knew Andy was cut out for a regular business man!

Now that Nurmi is becoming accustomed to the indoor courses in the country, Philip Dudgeon and Howard Horne ought to get out their track suits and issue a challenge to the world's greatest distance runner for a race over the Lunch Room Course. I would bet on "Doc," even though "Phil" has been getting much practice from following the out of town boxers who invade New Bedford!

I was talking with an old time track star the other day, Alfred F. Nye. He and Coach Pidgeon are trying to arrange an Alumni basketball night. I surely do hope an agreement can be reached so the public will be able to look over some of the old timers. What kind of a show would a team like this stand against the school team—Jack Haydon and "Manny" Pacheco forwards, Elmer Howard center, "Sterl" Wilson and "Lo" Gifford as guards. Think it over!

While we are on the subject of Alumni teams competing against schools teams, it would not be a bad idea if some one, at a later date, looked up a few of the graduates and made arrangements for an outdoor track meet before the close of school. The school is interested in track meets and such a meet would furnish good sport for all.

During a recent conversation with Sherman Rounsville, "Sherm" informed me that he and Leo Larrivee share honors for being the first local boys to see Paavo Nurmi, the "Flying Finn", in action. "No one can touch him," was Sherman's comment on the matter. When asked how things were coming along with him, Rounsville replied, "None too good. Don't have much chance to run as I am doing nothing but study, study, study." Quite a difference from High School days when a large number of fellows found more time for athletics than they did for their studies!

Hilt Holland, dubbed "General Fairface," by Holdon, the former Middleboro High star, is trying to be transferred from Vermont to Brown University. Dutch Tunstall is to transfer also.

Just a brief announcement concerning one of the graduates of the Class of 1924. Miss Marjorie Tupper has been admitted to Edmonton College, North Edmonton, Canada.

SHERMAN GIFFORD, '23.

## THE TWO WAYS

A child at the end of the road,  
Discovered a parting of ways.  
He knew not which way he should take  
And puzzled stood there in a daze.

Which way must he choose—to the right,  
The left, or to stay there till eve?  
Above, on a tree, was a sign,  
Which the child could quite easily perceive.

Alas! the poor boy could not read;  
He could only stand scratching his nose.  
The sign-post could not say to him,  
“This way, little one, the way goes.”

By chance there was passing that way  
A peasant, who came to his aid.  
“The poor wee child! Follow my mule  
And you’ll never get lost, sir,” she said.

The child hung his head quite ashamed,  
And sulked away there to himself,  
To think he must follow a beast,  
And seem stupid as any rude elf.

So if when you grow to be old,  
You wish, sir, to know well your ways,  
Just learn all you can—for it hurts  
To pass for a dunce all your days.

By O. AUBERT.

(Translated from the French by Eleanor Phinney, '25)

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